



BLACKOUT GROUP INVESTMENTS, LLC

LABOR DAY WEEKEND EVENTS

THURSDAY

Aids Candlelight Vigil
7pm - 9pm @MLK Center
Sponsored By:
Brothers Back to Back
404.308.9392

Martinis & Men Mixer
5pm - 11pm @ Circles
Hosted By:
The Brothers of Second Sunday
404.815.6687

"BOYZ NITE OUT"
@ TRAXX
339 Marietta St.
Hosted By: TRAXX

FRIDAY

**"Happy Hour
for the Girls"**
5pm-10pm @ Circles
710 Peachtree St
Drink Specials
Hosted By:
Circles & BLACKOUT

**"Welcome Women-
Party"**
10pm-3am @ Circles
710 Peachtree St.
Hosted By: *Circles*

Kick off Reception
8pm - until
@ Sheraton Colony
Square Hotel
Presented By:

The Weekend List of Events

Kaleidoscope

by Sonya Hemphill

"Ten Minutes in the Life"

ATL Hosted By:

BLACKOUT '97

THE PARTY

"Shh—h"

by U-Mickey

TRAXX
Party @ The Garage
the Nike Olympic
Pavilion
331 Marietta St.
MR. BLA...
...Party"
...ctta's
...St.
...By:
...Friendship Com-
...tee

SATURDAY

**"Lesbians of Color
Speak Out"**
12pm-3pm
@ Quality Inn
Midtown
807 Peachtree NE

"Atlanta Party"
Midtown Quality
Inn Ballroom
870 Peachtree St. NE
Hosted By:
Women in the Life
(from DC)

"Sing Sistah Sing"
10.30pm @ Circles

**"Labor Day Weekend
Jam"**
9pm - 2am @ Mansion
179 Ponce de Leon
Hosted By:
Black Men of Today

SUNDAY

**"E. Lynn Harris
Book Signing"**
7.30pm @
Outwrite Books
991 Piedmont Ave
404.524.0304

"TATTOO T-Dance"
5pm @ Circles
Big Buffet 6 - 8
Hosted By:
Circles

"Millennium Tea"
7pm @ MAKO's
3065 Peachtree Rd.
Hosted By:
Girls in the Night

MONDAY

**"1ST ANNUAL
All Girl Production
Labor Day Picnic"**
music, food, and drinks
FREE children and pets
welcome 1pm @
Location TBA at all
parties.
Hosted By:

Girls in the Night
Page 3

TRAXX
"Butt N' B Bar-B Que
& Picnic"
Admission Free. Food is
Free. Doors open from
8pm.
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Page 10

ATLANTA

BLACKOUT '97

Blackout '97 Souvenir Guide

FOR THE GIRLS

**"Celebrity Rock
Atlanta, GA"**

Free Buffet

**Poetry, Short Play, Music
DJ Party until it's over**

"Dress with Pride" No Tennis Shoes

Hosted By:

BLACKOUT GROUP INVESTMENTS, LLC

ATLBGIA@AOL.COM

Hosted By:
*Women in the Life &
BLACKOUT*

710 Peachtree St.
Hosted By:
Circles

"Cultural Arts Festival"
9am - 6pm @ Sheraton
Colony Square
Hosted By:

"The Women's Club"
9pm @ Les Halles
229 Peachtree Center
Ave. & International
Blvd.
Hosted By:
Girls in the Night

AIDS WALK ATLANTA

SUNDAY - SEPTEMBER 10 - 1997



ATLANTA

Blackout '97 Souvenir Guide

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The Weekend List of Events

Kaleidoscope
by Sonya Terrell

"Ten Minutes in the Life"
by Lorraine

BLACKOUT '97 THE PARTY

"Shh-h"
by Mary

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The Brothers of Second Sunday
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Hosted By: TRAXX

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710 Peachtree St.
Hosted By: *Circles*

Kick off Reception
8pm - until
@ Sheraton Colony
Square Hotel
Presented By:
In the Life Atlanta
404.873.0144

"Skin Flick"
10pm @ March
550 C Amsterdam Ave.
ATL Hosted By:
Girls in the Night

TRAXX
Party @ The Garage at
the Nike Olympic
Pavilion
331 Marietta St.
MR. BLACKPRIDE

SATURDAY

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Speak Out"**
12pm-3pm
@ Quality Inn
Midtown
807 Peachtree NE

"Buffet Dance Party"
8pm - 2am @ Loretta's
708 Spring St.
Hosted By:
*Atlanta Friendship Com-
mittee*

"Hotlanta Party"
9pm-@ Midtown Quality
Inn Ballroom
870 Peachtree St. NE
Hosted By:
*Women in the Life
(from DC)*

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Location TBA at all
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TRAXX
**"Butt-Naked Bar-B Que
& Picnic"**
Admission and Food is
Free. Doors open from
1pm - 8pm.

SUNDAY

AUGUST 31, 1997

BLACKOUT '97

FOR THE GIRLS

9pm-until

**@ Celebrity Rock
Atlanta, GA**

Free Buffet

Poetry, Short Play, Music

DJ Party until it's over

"Dress with Pride" No Tennis Shoes

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ATLBGI@AOL.COM

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Ave. & International
Blvd.
Hosted By:
Girls in the Night

AIDS WALK ATLANTA
SUNDAY • OCTOBER 19 • 1997



Our deepest fear is not that we
are inadequate.

Our deepest fear is that we are
powerful beyond measure. It is
our light, not our darkness, that
most frightens us. We ask
ourselves, who am I to be
brilliant, gorgeous, talented and
fabulous? Actually, who are
you not to be?
You are a child of God.

Your playing small doesn't serve
the world. There is nothing
enlightened about shrinking so
that other people won't feel
insecure around you. We were
born to manifest the glory of
God that is within us. It's not
just in some of us; it's in
everyone.

And when we let our own light
shine, we unconsciously give
other people permission to do
the same. As we are liberated
from our own fear, our
presence automatically liberates
others.

Nelson Mandela—1994
Inaugural Speech



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August 97 Blackout 97

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BLACKOUT

KALEIDOSCOPE

BY SONYA HEMPHILL

For your womanly love I will rise
Like the eternal mother of light
And wane not
In the hunger of your passion

For your feminine touch I will illuminate
In the colors that you dream of most
Red, gold, orange, purple, and blue
All I ever want
All I ever need is you

And if the rain should smear
Our dreams to watercolors
Please fear not
For the strong pulse of the rainbow
Shall prevail us through the cascade
Leading to fingerpaints
Of a proud, shameless and unconditional hue
All I ever want
All I ever need is you

"Ten Minutes in the Life"

by Romeo Juliet

MJ asked me how long I had been in the life. About ten minutes I said. She laughed so hard she almost choked. In between spasms of laughter and coughing she asked her friend to bring her a drink. When MJ's friend, Noelle, came over with her drink, MJ introduced us. "She says she's only been in the life for ten minutes". Noelle laughed too. "You better run, hurry, before it's too late", warned Noelle. MJ asked me if I was sure I wanted to get mixed up with women. "I used to look better than this before I got hooked up with women", she said. "My hair didn't used to look like this, I had a head full of hair. Shit started falling out over night during my break up with my last ex-wife. When it was over, the only style that worked was a mohawk.

Yes, MJ wore a mohawk and carried it off very well. She was thirty two and gorgeous. I told her so. She was about 5' 9" and thick, a stallion of a woman. Her caramel colored skin was flawless and was very striking with the mohawk. Her eyes laughed. It was a face used to smiling. High cheek bones gave some angles to an otherwise round face. I've always been a sucker for a pretty face, and MJ's was uncommonly pretty. She was beautiful and powerful and she knew it. The mohawk worked for her and looked right. Besides, there were hair styles

(Continued on page 6)

BLACKOUT '97

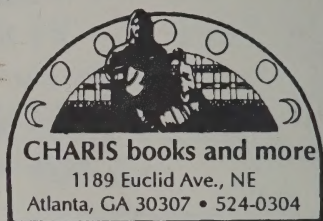
(Continued from page 5)

waved. There were even some bald girls. They were pretty too.

I admired MJ from the start. She seemed so comfortable with who she was, a black lesbian. As the proprietor of the only black lesbian bar in Atlanta, she had to be very special. I had passed the place a thousand times, but there were no outward signs. It was a restaurant by day, catering to the lunch crowd in between Macy's and the Underground. By night, at least every Saturday night, it was a bar and night club for black lesbians, discreet and quiet on a Saturday night. When the sun went down, the windows were covered with black vinyl and tape. A few candles, pictures and some incense, transformed it into the Sirens Bar and Night Club, the most exciting place on earth. It was my first time in a gay bar and although "Kool" was my middle name, I was down right giddy.

"I can't believe you've only been in the life ten minutes", MJ interrupted my gaze. I have this habit of staring. I think it's natural curiosity, others call it nosy. "So you're a virgin?" She didn't wait for an answer. "Well you could have fooled me, you look like a natural." Damn, that made me feel good. I was a natural, I was a natural lesbian for as far back as I could remember. But it was only that way in memories, memories of those exquisite moments as a little girl when me and the girl next door played house. "You be the daddy and I'll be the moma", she'd say. But that was a long time ago. I loved a girl then, now I needed a woman.

Of course I was dressed wrong. I had been to a reception for some up and coming bankers. I had on these flowing black pants with a long gold jacket, dressy business attire. Thank god I had pockets in the jacket. I almost carried a purse. For most of the night I chatted with MJ. It gave me a close up view of all the women that



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came through Sirens. There must have been three or four hundred of them, all, shapes, sizes, shades and hues. All women, no men allowed, including staff. It was a bar for women who loved women.

There were many outstanding women in Sirens that night. I was happy as hell. I introduced myself to everybody using my real full name. I even introduced myself to the couples. They could see I was a "gump", harmless, only in the life for ten minutes.

A tall babe came through the door all smiles. I was staring again. MJ nudged me and said, "she's a little tall for you". "Are you kidding", I said. "I always wanted a woman I could look up to". "Okay Ten Minutes", MJ said you'll need a ladder and a strait jacket too for her. She's a psycho, stalked my ass last year. She nutted up, called my house twenty times a day. She sent my wife my underwear, with lip prints

(Continued on page 9)

BLACKOUT '97

Labor Day

SUNDAY

AUGUST 31, 1997

"Celebrating Diversity"

9pm - until

@ Celebrity Rock
Atlanta, GA

FREE BUFFET

LIVE ENTERTAINMENT 9PM-11PM

11PM PHAT PARTY

Sponsored by Blackout Group Investments, LLC

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770.242.2218 ATLBTGI@AOL.COM

I-85N to GA 400. Get off GA 400 at the 1st Exit (Lenox Rd. Buckhead) Turn Left at the traffic light and go to the 2nd light. Turn left onto Piedmont Rd. and go to Peachtree Rd. Turn right onto Peachtree Rd. and go to Sardis Way. (1st street past IHOP) Turn right on Sardis Way and then right onto Roswell Rd. Then make an immediate left onto Irby Rd., look for the Big Guitar and then turn right onto Cains Hill Pl.

OR

Get on Peachtree St. heading North to Buckhead. Stay on Peachtree (which will become Peachtree Road) approximately 6 miles to Roswell Rd. (Past Buckhead Ave.) and follow the directions above.

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5PM - CLOSING

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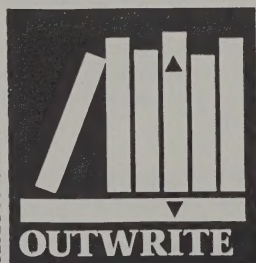
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(404) 607-0082

The South's Source for Information on Our Lives

BLACKOUT

(Continued from page 6)

and all. Witch vandalized my car and ruined my credit. Stay away from her ass," she warned. "But how did she get your underwear?", I asked. That's when I realized that MJ was a Player.

"No, my playing days are over", she said, as she called this doll over who had been sitting at the bar all night. She looked over from time to time and I was hoping she was smiling at me. I smiled back every time. Amber was MJ's girl. Of course she was off limits. She looked fabulous, very petite and voluptuous. I liked her type. She wore a simple black dress, about thigh high, with some "come fuck me" pumps. When she walked her butt bounced slightly, making the fabric in the dress whipped gently from side to side. There was a roundness in her walk, a slight sway, a subtle grind. God she was sexy. Her hair was worn up this night, with two or three delicate curls licking the back of her neck. She had big wet eyes that could break your heart. Oops, I was staring again, this time with my mouth open. It was time for a drink.

As I headed for the bar, this woman appeared out of nowhere. She took my hand and stood back, looking me up and down. She shook her

head, admiring what she saw. I was speechless. My mouth was still open when she walked away. I almost ran back to MJ and Amber. MJ grabbed me gently by the arm and said, "Look Ten Minutes, you need to get in the game. You should have said something to her. Get out there and dance and try to get a number. You're new, you look good, so go for it. Then she

gave me some advice. If you meet somebody, make sure you have your first date in the day time. The lighting in here can be tricky and some the women you were gawking at were men. So be careful. Don't start showing a woman with gifts and don't tell her you've only been in the life for ten minutes.

Despite MJ's encouragement and advice, I hugged the wall or the bar for most of the night, watching the women work the dance floor. Some women were very friendly. This one nubian queen, about nineteen, attempted to pick me up. She was velvety black with long fat braids and the prettiest mouth. Her braids whipped me, whenever she turned her head to look at yet another beautiful woman. I had whip lash

myself from all the head turning I was doing. She told me it was her first time being in a gay bar. Shopping was her passion. She said she would do anything for the woman that took her shopping at Perimeter Mall. Marla was her name. She was a freshman at the local

"She had been in the life less time than I had and I was looking for a woman who knew which direction south was in and could point it out to me"

women's college and very drunk. "I don't know nothing about this gay thing", she said. "I've

never even, you know, gone down south on a woman". No shit, neither had I but I wasn't telling. That was my cue to leave. She had been in the life less time than I had and I was looking for a woman who knew which direction south was in and could point it out to me.

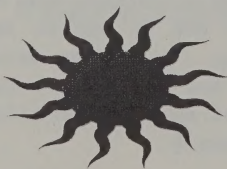
I didn't get a phone number that first night, but I was still giddy when I left. I had found my way to Sirens and MJ had invited me to a private party that next Friday night. I was getting ready to run with the with the big dogs. I grinned often during my first 10 minutes in the life. I was still grinning when I fell asleep. §

BLACKOUT

Shh--h

by U-Mickey

*Shh---h, baby
Here we go again
Kissing, touching, rubbing, and
Coming over and over again
Shh-h, say it just for me
Nobody else needs to hear - just me
With us in the mix, and
Your beautiful legs around my waist
Feeling that warm embrace
Shh---h, I hear it
The efflux of your, shh---h
The kisses on your neck - makes you crazy
Sending you into shivers and quivers
Shh---h, not so loud
I haven't started yet
And yet you're getting louder
Wait until I'm inside - then let go
Stroking you ever so softly
Under the covers and licking you vigorously
Waiting for you to come - so many times
Here we go - are you ready?
Ohh---h, yea
Shh---h, now wasn't that fun
Let's do it again
Don't answer
Shh---h*



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Participants:

Mallah Corbett
Sonya Hemphill
Gail Myers
Ursula Stevens
Johnetta Tillman

Host:

Omari

Hostesses:

Charmaine
Jazz
Tenisha

Security:

Deputy A. Grooms
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DJ Cassanova

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS:

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A SPECIAL THANKS TO:

Shh--h

AltaWorld
Chris Books and More

Circles

by U-Mickey

In Style Printing and Graphics

Shh--h, baby
Outwrite Books

Here we go again

Kissing, touching, rubbing, and

Coming over, and over again

Shh--h, say it just for me

Nobody else needs to hear - just me

With it in the mix, and

Your beauty goes around my waist

Feeling close and embrace

Shh---h, I hear it

The efflux of your, shh---h

The kisses on your neck - makes you crazy: Participants:

Sending you into shivers and quivers

Shh---h, not so loud

I haven't started yet

And yet you're getting louder

Wait until I'm inside - then let go

Stroking you ever so softly

Under the covers and licking you vigorously

Waiting for you to come - so many times

Here we go - are you ready?

Oh--h, yes

Shh--h, baby, say it just for me

Let it all go again

DJ Cassanova

"BLACKOUT," PRODUCED BY ALFA "T."

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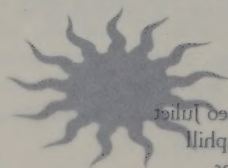
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